

The Lord's Present-Day Speaking

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Death Means Death

Death means death. He told me one time, “Death means death,” and I hear it rising up.

I brought you to the precipice. Many I have brought to the same place in times past, says the Lord, and they have leaned, leaned almost dangerously over the precipice to see what is available in the Kingdom. But they know one more step means death of the old man, so they retreat from that edge time and again, time and again. Although they yearn in their hearts for what they see in My Word, and they love Me and strive in many ways to serve Me, yet the flesh dies hard. And to trust Me beyond that last step where you cannot save yourself—there is no Plan B; it is all Me—few there be willing to risk all for My Name's sake.

I have brought you this year to that very precipice. Some of you will throw a spear at Me, and yet I will love you and not forsake you, and if allowed, I will bring you to the precipice again. But this season, there be some of you who lay down the spear and, of your own choice, take a sword and finally fall on it yourself that the flesh no longer dominate and that the throne be abdicated once and for all, that I, by My Spirit, may take the throne and the works of My Father be manifest through you.

You are greatly, greatly loved, says the Spirit of Grace.

Lord, let it be me. Help me, Lord, take that last step. Help me fall on the sword. Father, You have given me the spirit, You have given me what I need. I thank You for Your grace that empowers me to take that step of trusting all with You. I love You, Lord, and I trust You.